

DESIGN FOR NEW SKIRT.

Only Soft Materials Are Employed in Its Development, and the Effeet Is Marvelous.

There is ushered into fashion's domain this winter a very pretty skirt which is divided into four parts-in fact it is called the four-pieced skirt. Henrietta, cashmere and lightweight ladies' cloth are the accepted materials for its development, for the heavier of a home, and the men do it. fabrics make up clumsly and without

About six yards of material, double width of course, are required to make the four-pieced skirt, if full directions are carried out; but with a little decep-



NEW FOUR PIECED SKIRT

tion it can be accomplished with just a little more than half as many.

In the former case, four little overskirts are made separately and put on the same band. In the latter a foundation skirt of silk or imitation silk is made and the miniature skirts sewed upon it, each overlapping the other enough to hide the heading so that a separate effect is maintained. The skirt has an abbreviated train and slightly sweeps the ground all around. There are no gathers nor plaits at the back and the opening is made upon the side to preserve an unbroken beauty of outline. Any bodice can be worn with the four-pieced skirt, and it is particularly dressy with the novel new silk waists that are so much the vogue.

SONGBIRDS FOR FOOD.

Thousands of Robins Shot Every Fall for the Morsel of Ment on Their Tiny Brensts.

In November the robins in flocks of hundreds make their way into the gardens of towns, as well as into the parks and fields and orchards about the bay of San Francisco, where many of the blessed wanderers are shot for sport and the morsel of meat on their breasts, says John Muir in the Atlantic. Man then seems a beast of prey, pray as he may. Not even genuine piety can make the robin-killer quite respectable. Saturdays are the great slaughter days in the bay region. Then the city pot-hunters, good and bad, with a ragtag of boys, go forth to kill, kept in countenance by a sprinkling of regular sportsmen arrayed in self-conscious majesty and leggings, leading dogs and carrying hammerless, breech-loading guns of famous makers. Over the fine landscapes the killing goes forward with shameful enthusiasm. After escaping countless dangers, thousands fall, big bagfuls are gathered, many are left wounded to die slowly, no Red Cross society to help them. Next day. Sunday, the blood and leggings vanish from the most devout of the bird butchers, and they go to church, carrying gold-headed canes instead of guns. After hymns, prayers and sermon they go home to feast, to put God's song-birds to use, put them in their dinners instead of in their hearts, eat them, suck the pitiful little drumsticks. It is only race living on race, to be sure, but Christians singing Divine love need not be driven to such straits, while wheat and apples grow, and the shops are full of dead cattle. Songbirds for food! Compared with this, to make kindling of our pianos and violins would be pious economy.

Nuts as a Popular Food.

Nuts have often been considered to be very indigestible, but doubtless much of this prejudice against them comes from the fact that they are very rarely properly masticated. They are rich in nutritive elements, and we know of no reason why they should not be a healthful article of food if properly prepared. They should be masticated very thoroughly, and oftentimes if they were baked and ground into a meal they would be used to much greater advantage. We believe that they would be a useful article of diet if prepared in this way and judiciously used with other lines of diet.

She Felt Hurt.

He-But, my dear, if she told it to you in confidence, you shouldn't tell

HABITUAL BOARDERS.

Kind Old Bachelor Grows Very Bitter in Discussing Their Alleged Shortcomings.

A dear old bachelor friend who comes to see us frequently broke forth the other day in a tirade against boardinghouse women. Not the landladies, but the guests. "Of all the useless, inexcusable cumberers of the ground," said he, "they are the worst. The landlady is to be respected. She has a home and an occupation in this world, but her boarders have none. I don't speak of single women or business women-they have some excuse for boarding, though I think the wisest among them combine to keep house together-but the married women. Their husbands' duty in life is to earn money for the support wives' duty is to make the home, but they shirk it. They spend their energies in dressing with as much elegance as they can command. They wear pretty breakfast sacks and put on silk gowns for dinner.

"They dress their hair elaborately; sometimes they dye it. At the table their idea of rational conversation is to find fault with the food. They are adepts at quickly and quietly seizing on celery, olives or any little delicacy which may not quite go round. After dinner they sit in rocking chairs, where they can command a view of the front steps, or of who goes out and comes in the hall. In the daytime, when they are not fussing over their wardrobes, they are haunting the shops and the bargain sales or visiting round in one another's rooms and abusing the landlady.

"They go to all the matinees they can and worship actors. Some of them study elocution or china painting or Delsarte or any other useless thing to fill up their time. They have no time or energy for charitable work; they have no money to take a pew in church. Besides, they generally don't believe in church. They like to go out Christmas or Easter to hear the music and find fault with the poor, fallible human beings who support such institutions. Their favorite literature is the society columns of the paper. They can tell all that the fine folk are doing as well as if they were intimate friends. They have themselves no circle of friends, only chance acquaintances-here today and gone to-morrow, wanderers from one boarding house to another. like themselves. They have no duties, no responsibilities. They'd be afraid to take a \$20 flat and wear a print wrapper and do their own work, and make homes for their husbands and children. Is there anything more wretched than children brought up in a boarding house? Those idiot women would not be capable of it. Besides, they would think themselves coming down in the world. They actually believe the kind of life they lead to be superior. If they started out-with a normal allowance of heart and brain, ten years of boardinghouse life bankrupts them."-Chicago Post.

BAG FOR STOCKINGS.

Easily Made Article That Will Save the Housekeeper Much Worry and Trouble.

A stocking bag is a useful thing for the housewife who has to darn the hose of her family. It is as easily made as it is convenient.

Take a vard of pretty cretonne, with small figure; three yards of satin ribbon an inch wide, to match the cretonne in color, a small piece of white flagmel, some stiff pasteboard and a spool of silk. Cut four circular pieces of the pasteboard, each one seven



STOCKING BAGS.

inches in diameter. You may cut them out by a large saucer, or a bread and butter plate. Cover these pieces smoothly with cretonne and overhang them two together, as if for a pocket pin cushion, with the sewing silk. The puff should be a straight piece of cretonne 60 inches long and 12 inches wide. Turn in the edges on the sides of this strip and gather to fit the circular pieces, to which the strip must be neatly overhanded. Leave the ends open for the mouth of your bag, which is a full puff, with a circular disk in the cen-ter of each side. Make for the outside of one of these disks a piece" of the same size and shape. Cut from the flannel several leaves of the same shape. but smaller by an inch in diameter, buttonhole stitch the edge of each leaf with sewing silk and fasten them to the circle on the bag. They are to form a needle book for darning needles.

Fasten the embroidered cover over this and sew a bow of ribbon where it

On the opposite side of the bag piece of cretonne is set for a pocket, gathered at the top by an elastic run in a casing, and at the bottom by two shirrings. This pocket is to hold darning cotton. Hem the ends of the puff for a casing and run two pieces of ribbon in for strings to draw the bag up. The interior is the receptacle for the stockings.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nutrition in Oysters.

A quart of oysters contains, on the average, about the same quantity of She (pouting)—Oh! well, if you don't nutritive substance as a quart of milk care to hear it, never mind!—Puck. or a pound of very lean beef.



AN INCUBATOR BABY.

Little One Thus Reared in Chicago Now Is a Handsome, Fat and Healthy Child.

Miss Lolita Armour, just two years old, and the granddaughter of Philip D. Armour, is the sturdiest incubator baby in the world. She is as pretty, weighs as much and is as full of life today as babies which the storks usher into the world more propitiously.

Ever since the sly little minx, tucked away in her incubator cradle, heard the grandfather say that if she lived he would give her a half million for her grit, she has done nothing but thrive industriously. She is the child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, of Michigan avenue. When little Miss Lolita came into the world she weighed barely three pounds, and her doting grandfather was told that by the merest chance she might be saved by an incubator. The dearest wish of P. D. Armour's heart was for a granddaughter. The two lively boys of his son Philip filled up one gap in his affections, but left room for at least one tiny daughter. But a granddaughter was one luxury that money could not pay for. As soon, then, as the much-



THE INCUBATOR BABY.

hoped-for little stranger arrived a messenger was rushed post-haste for the finest incubator that could be bought. All dainty baby frocks and frills were put aside, and the millionaire's granddaughter, rolled in a bit of linen and eotton, was laid in the new-fangled life-saving cradle. For days the plucky baby kept up a desperate fight in the No one watched it with more interest than the grandfather. Finally, when the scales showed that the baby was set for a winner, the grandfather, considerable of a fighter himself, showed his admiration by settling an even half million on the little miss .-Chicago Letter.

Sen Gulls Are Cunning.

An example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma, when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water for a long time, with the submerged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big gray fellow, who seemed to be the captain. He walked to a particular log, stood on one side of it, close to the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came log, which, under their combined weight, rolled over a few inches. The galls, step by step, kent the law of th until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked.

Too Small to Be Counted.

Two little girls had been invited to ake tea at the home of a third, and their mother had told them if cookies rying a rattle in its mouth, and, standwere served they should take but one each. Sure enough, a plate of tiny fancy cakes was passed at the table. Nettie, the older girl, looked at the diminutive "baby cakes" for a moment and then took two, whispering, as she did so to her little sister of four: "You may take two, Clara. I'm sure mamma had no idea they would be so small."

TOHN'S SACRIFICE.

Proved Himself a Greater Her Than His Selfish Brother, Who

When the first call for troops reached he village last spring John Black struck his spade into the ground and turned toward the house. "I'll go!" he said to himself.

But as he neared the farmhouse he stopped. There was his old mother and poor, crippled Jenny. How could be leave them?

He had given up marriage for these wo; he had drudged all his life. But here was great work to be done-a chance really to live; or to die nobly,



THE OLD DOCTOR SPEAKS.

The thought sent the hot blood rushing to his heart. He would go. He could send his pay home to his mother and Jenny.

But up the road just then came his brother. His face was red. He was panting. "Cuba libre!" he shouted. 'I'm going to enlist, John."

"To enlist? And Nancy and the children?"

"I told her to pack up and come to you. You'll have to look after them. It will be hard scratching for seven, I know, but I'll never again have such a chance to see something of life."

"You've no right to shirk your duty to your wife and children," said John, sternly.

But Will only laughed.

Nancy and the four children came home, without a penny, and John drudged faithfully for them all summer. Nobody suspected he had wanted to go. His mother and Nancy and the whole village watched Will's course with delight and pride. He was their

hero, their fearless patriot. He was slightly wounded before Sanlago and came home on furlough. He thrilled with exultation as he stepped out of the train and saw a crowd of people come to welcome him. He was, helped into a landau, over the back of which was an American flag. His townsmen had come to do him honor. He felt that he was hailed as a favorite son. He nodded carelessly to his brother.

"Hello! Jogging on as usual?" he

John drew back out of the crowd. The old doctor, seeing his face, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"There will be another coming home of men one of these days, who have been on a longer fight than that in Cuba," he said, quietly. "And then God will reward the heroes, unknown as well as known, who have given life and service for Him and His needy children."-Youth's Companion.

Baby Disgusted the Dog.

During this proceeding baby always howled himself black and blue, and the dog, out of sympathy, crouched in a corner and monned. After a month or two of this daily anguish the dog devised a scheme to stop it. One day, while baby was howling as usual, the dog came marching into the room caring by the tub, shook his head-and the rattle-vigorously. Baby actually stopped crying a minute to see what this unusual proceeding meant, but then began again with extra power. The dog dropped the rattle with a dis-gusted air, and after that day, always managed to be out of the house during baby's bath.



FROG upon a river bank Once rested from the hunt; The reeds stood round him tall and lank, The river flowed in front

But scarcely had his cyclid drooped When, at the river brink, A tadpole rose. The froagie stooped And said: "You called, I think?"

"I came," the tadpole shyly said,
"To ask if it is true
That when a little time has sped,
A tadpole grows like you?

It fills my heart with grief and fear Each morning in the bog To think that I, a tadpole here, Should grow to be a frog."

The frog's eyes opened very wide,
He stared and could not speak.
He felt the pain of wounded pride,
And showed it on his cheek.
Then panted out with proper scora,
As any frog would do:
"To think that I was ever bora
A tadpole, just like you!"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is inevitable that Asia Minor shall ever ally pass from the possession of Mohar It is inevitable that Asia Minor shall eventually pass from the possession of Mohammedanism, and whether Germany accomplishes the task or not, the Sultan must yield to a Christian nation. It is just as inevitable that diseases of the digestive organs must yield to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disorders of this kind are usually called dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. The Bitters are equally good for all such complaints, regardless of the name.

Germany and Asia Minor.

Sanitary Notes.

"It seems to me, doctor, that your prices are rather steep."
"Well, you must bear in mind that it is not my own health for which I am running a sanitarium."—Indianapolis Journal.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach
the diseased portion of the ear. There is
only one way to cure deafness, and that is
by constitutional remedies. Deafness is
caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When
this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling
sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is
entirely closed deafness is the result, and
unless the inflammation can be taken out
and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever;
nine cases of of ten are caused by catarrh,
which is nothing but an inflamed opndition
of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any
case of Deafness (caused by catarrh that
cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Send for circulars free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Every woman has a vague idea that all her husband does every day is to open his office, read, smoke, and count his money.—Atch-ison Globe.

Something very soothing in the use of St Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia. Subdues and cures Which is the harder, to make a million or to die and leave it?—Town Topics.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

If you lend your money you may lose your friend—but he is generally cheap at the price.—Town Topics.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

Well, anyhow, the man at the foot of the ladder doesn't have to worry about falling off.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Sudden weather changes bring Soreness, Stiffness, St. Jacobs Oil brings a prompt cure.

The more worthless the man, the better his health.—Atchison Globe. Cure Rheumatism with St. Jacobs Oil-Promptly. It saves money, time, suffering.

Fighting dogs meet their match.-Ram's

TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

Mrs. PATRICK DANKHY,

West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINEHAM:-It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weak-ness and displacement of the womb. "I could not sleep at night, had to walk

the floor, I suffered so with pain in my Was tro side and small of my back. bled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well. can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss GERTIE DUNKIN,

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Franklin, Neb., writes: "I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling

of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief. "I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to



TOME PARTOUR SOME Heroes of the War with Spain

thousands of them, are suf-fering from lingering dis-eases induced by life in poisonous southern camps, the result of changes of climate, or of imperfect nutrition caused by im-proper and badly cooked food. Sleeping on the ground has doubtless developed rheumatism in hundreds who were predisposed to the disease. In such cases the Boys of '98 may take

ence of the Heroes of the Civil War.

a lesson from the experi-

Mundreds of the Boys of '63 have testified to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in driving out malaria; theumatism and other

diseases contracted during their days of hardship and privation in the army. These pills are the best tonic in the world.

Asa Robinson, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., is a veteran of the Civil war, having served in the 83rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. He went to the war a vigorous farmer's boy and came back broken in health, a victim of sciatic rheumatism. Most of the time he was unfitted for manual labor of any kind, and his sufferings were at all times intense. He says: "Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful curse effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I keep on improving steadily. To them I owe my restoration to health. They are a grand remedy."—Mt. Sterling Democrat-Message.

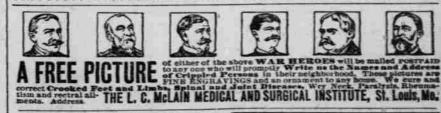
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BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT." GOOD WIFE, YOU NEED





DROPSY Quick relief and cures worst

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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A. N. K .- H

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